

CURTAINS DROPPED ON MR. GOLDKNOPF! HE'S NO BELASCO II.

Judge Holt, in Court Scene, Writes "Finis" to Would-be Playwright's Suit.

HIS LAWYERS "FIRED."

His Appearance in Role of Attorney is as Funny as "Tainted Philanthropy."

Abraham Goldknopf, the barber who believes he is a playwright and that David Belasco and William C. De Mille kidnapped his masterpiece, "Tainted Philanthropy," and dressed it up as "The Woman," a notable Belasco success, took a hack at being a lawyer in the United States Circuit Court before Judge Holt to-day.

Goldknopf was in a state of mind when he appeared in the courtroom half an hour before the Judge arrived. He paced up and down, fidgeted from seat to seat and told arriving lawyers and acquaintances from his own neighborhood how little he thought of David Belasco.

But he would not talk to newspaper reporters. The reports of the voluntary production of "Tainted Philanthropy" Tuesday afternoon by Mr. Belasco were to him evidence of a gigantic newspaper conspiracy to belittle his genius. The little man failed to realize that the screams of laughter which greeted his crude lines and cruder situations, as presented by the polished and talented actors supplied by Mr. Belasco, him, coming from one of the most remarkable audiences ever gathered in a theatre.

HIS COUNSEL "SICK." GOLDKNOPF DECLARES.

Former Judge Dittmer, counsel for Belasco, and his associates were at the counsel table when Judge Holt entered. So was Mr. Goldknopf, his shiny black curls all aquiver and a huge bundle of legal looking papers in his hands.

"I asked counsel to be here," said the Judge, "so that I could give them an opportunity for oral argument."

"I will not be here," exclaimed Mr. Goldknopf, rising. "I am here to speak for myself."

"I am not your counsel here?" asked Judge Holt.

"No, he is in a hospital. He cannot come."

WANTED TO QUIZ BELASCO AND DE MILLE.

"Have you counsel?" asked Judge Holt. "Have they withdrawn from the case?"

"Maybe," said the would-be playwright. "Perhaps they get out. Perhaps I don't want them here. I shall speak for myself."

"But I do not want to hear you," snapped the Court.

"But you must," said Mr. Goldknopf, raising his voice. "First of all, I demand that Mr. Belasco and Mr. De Mille be brought here so that I should ask them questions."

"Application denied," said Judge Holt. The little man went right on insisting that he must have a chance to question his enemies, until a sharp rap of Judge Holt's gavel started him into silence.

"You seem not to have the slightest sense of the proprieties of a courtroom," said the Judge. "You have no conception of them."

"You have been to me and have spoken to me about this matter several times. You do not even know the gross misconduct of which you are guilty in speaking to a judge regarding a case on trial before him."

"Please, I make a statement," demanded Goldknopf.

"I do not care to hear you," was the reply.

Mr. Goldknopf went right on with his statement. He recalled that Paul Armstrong had once been made to pay damages for taking a play from a magazine story. In a speech so rapid and sometimes incoherent that few of his hearers could understand, Mr. Goldknopf said it was the soul and the spirit of his play Belasco had stolen. The crude words were of no use to Belasco.

ANGRY PLAYWRIGHT STALKS FROM COURT.

"He has plenty of writers of beautiful language," said the aggrieved playwright, "but their brains are empty of ideas. They steal ideas and dress them in their lovely language."

The Court let him ramble on for ten minutes and then stopped him again.

"Your Honor said Judge Dittmer," said the man in a crazy, every successful play brings to light unscrupulous, would-be authors, who claim plagiarism. The man has an obsession which amounts to insanity."

Judge Holt carefully explained that both sides had agreed to a stipulation that the case should be decided by a comparative reading of the plays and by witnesses a production of both.

Mr. Goldknopf was told he was talking outside of the stipulations.

"Am I to be heard?" shouted Mr. Goldknopf.

"No," said the Court, with a touch of exasperation.

"Then I will get out," said the barber-playwright, and walked to the door and hat and papers and walked out, white and trembling with wrath.

"May I ask," said Judge Dittmer, "that in writing the decision, your Honor will incorporate in it a reference to the plaintiffs and the lawyers who bring such a silly suit on no grounds at all, so that it may serve as a warning to others who are trying to waste the time of the Courts by such cases?"

Judge Holt nodded assent and called the next case.

Mr. Belasco was not in court. Mr. De Mille was, but Rival Goldknopf would speak to him. A decision is expected early next week.

"Why Should I Ask My Wife to Quit the Stage?" Queries George Creel Who Wed Blanche Bates

"How Impertinent It Would Be of Me to Seek to Relegate a Woman Like My Wife to Greasy Domesticity and a Life of Pots and Kettles Because She Does Me the Honor to Wed Me!"

"All My Life Has Been a Battle for the Freedom and Independence of Women," Exclaims the Husband of the Famous Actress—"How Inconsistent It Would Be for Me to Ask a Woman to Give Up Her Rights, How Selfishly Male!"

BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.

A great many persons talk about the economic independence of women—meaning, needless to say, that every daughter, wife, mother and grandmother among us should do something for a living besides look pretty and order hats C. O. D. Now, many women believe in the economic independence of wives. A few—a very few—practice it. The others satisfy themselves with talk, bridge and occasional orgies of putting up quince preserves. To be fair to them, this is not always because they prefer such occupations. Very often they have been led to believe that preserving the quince is part of the job of preserving the home. And their husbands encourage them in the delusion. So when a woman of distinction marries a man of mark such persons consider it the proper thing for the wife to abandon her profession amid much applause and more creaking platitudes about "woman's real mission."

But nothing of that kind attended the marriage last evening of Blanche Bates and George Creel.

AS TO THE RUMORS ABOUT RETIRING FROM THE STAGE.

To be sure there have been false rumors that the Darling of the Gods and the orchestra and the balcony—everything the box office has to sell, in fact—was to retire from the stage upon her marriage to Mr. Creel, whom everybody knows as the young editor and reformer, who was elected Police Commissioner of Denver last spring and who with Judge Ben Lindsay succeeded at the recent election in getting Colorado's indorsement of the recall of decisions and the Mothers' Compulsion law.

"Retire from the stage? Why should I retire simply because I marry? How ridiculous!" the bride exclaimed.

"How impertinent it would be of me to seek to relegate a woman like my wife to greasy domesticity!" Mr. Creel remarks.

Which is such a fine, sane, rare attitude for a young man to take that for the benefit of his fellows I asked him to state his views in detail.

"Why should I—why should any man ask a woman like my wife to retire to a life of pots and kettles just because she does me the honor to marry me?" Mr. Creel said.

"She will retire from the stage when she gets good and ready, and her marriage will have nothing whatever to do with it. She makes more money than I make or ever hope to make."

"Thank heaven, I could always take care of her if she wanted me to, but all my life has been a battle for the freedom and independence of women. How inconsistent it would be for me to ask a woman like my wife to give up her rights and independence, how selfishly male! I want my life to be a living stream, not a back water, and the only way to attain this ideal in any marriage is for the man and woman to have individual as well as common interests."

"I don't mean that in society, as it is organized now, it is always advisable for the wife to go out of the home to earn money. Sometimes she renders a far greater service to society by having and bringing up children. That's the idea of the Mothers' Compulsion law which I put through this year. According to the Illinois Mothers' Pension law only widows or deserted wives may claim a pension from the State. Yet a mother of children whose father is still living at home, but who has been crippled or incapacitated in the exercise of a dangerous occupation, often needs the money far more. In Colorado now she will get it."

MOTHERHOOD IS A SERVICE TO THE STATE.

"The Mothers' Compensation law assumes motherhood is a service to the State and should be recognized and compensated as such."

"Eventually, I hope that all motherhood will be recognized as honorable. That's what I'm working for."

"We're getting the single standard, too, in the West. In Denver when a group of ministers came to me and told me I ought to arrest unfortunate women, I answered: 'Why should I, unless I arrest the men? Besides, the jail holds only fifty and there are 500 such women. What shall I do? Keep 500 in the square outside the jail and tell them to wait there till I can spare them the room, then every little while invite one to hop in and do her little turn of five days or so?'"

STANDS FOR THE FREEDOM OF WOMEN.

"All my life I have stood for justice, freedom, independence for women, and they're getting it in the West. It would be a fine thing, wouldn't it, to ask my wife to give up her stage career for me? As she has said, she will retire from the stage when she gets good and ready. Our marriage"

Only one "BOMBO QUININE" is the LAXATIVE BOMBO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. One is sold in One Doz. Cures One in Two Days. 25c.

After having spent three days in a cell in Harlem Court Prison, Florence Marlow, pretty twenty-year-old daughter of Michael Marlow, who owns a chain of retail grocery stores in Harlem and is reputed to be worth a half million, was arraigned before Magistrate Breen to-day on a charge of incorrigibility and sent to the Home of the Good Shepherd.

The hearing of the charge, preferred by her father, was in Part II. of Harlem Court, a private examination room, and was attended by two lawyers, said to represent men interested in the girl.

Miss Marlow, in a trim black velvet suit, black velvet hat and gleaming patent leather shoes, maintained her composure until the end of the hearing, when she broke down and cried. Her father's voice trembled as he told of her conduct, and her studies abroad with a master of the violin and of the unhappy adventures into which she plunged on her return to America, three years ago.

Last summer Miss Marlow and her younger sister, he said, had left home and on their return, months later, had said they had spent the season serving as "brochets" for a resort in the Catskills. Then, three weeks ago, Florence left home again. This time she engaged a room in the apartment of Mrs. Gray at No. 419 West One Hundred and Fifteenth street. Mrs. Gray, it was said, was forced to ask the young woman to find other quarters. In her own defense Miss Marlow said she had not been happy at home, and said of having been ordered out of the house last Easter.

Mr. Marlow testified the girl had manifested a desire last year to become a milliner and had helped herself to the property of others, when a position was found for her.

After a week or more had elapsed after Miss Marlow's last departure from her father's home, No. 542 West One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street, Marlow swore out a warrant for her. She was arrested at No. 419 and Twenty-fifth street Tuesday by Detectives Conroy and Enright.

\$140,000 in Bonds in Ash Heap.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 28.—Bonds having a face value of \$140,000, together with checks and a small amount of coupons, that disappeared here July 5 last when two registered mail sacks were stolen while enroute from the post office to the railway station here, were found to-day on the city dump by three laborers.

When Suffering From

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Ex-Lax restores sound action to the bowels; makes liver work right; sets the stomach in order.

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A 10c Box Will Convince You—At All Druggists.

Four-story fall kills man leaping for fire-escape

Companion Makes Jump in Safety From Burning House in Tenderloin.

Francesco De Franko, a waiter, was killed trying to jump from a fourth-story window to a fire-escape during a cellar blaze at the headquarters of the International Hotel Workers' Union, No. 109 West Thirty-eighth street, early to-day.

During the excitement more than one hundred girls in the Greeley and Murray Hill telephone exchange next door, at Nos. 111-115, stuck to their posts despite clouds of smoke that sifted in through the windows.

Guests in the Hotel Normandie, Broadway and Thirty-eighth street, just across the street, were awakened by the shouts of spectators and the noise of the fire apparatus and soon filled many windows to see what a Tenderloin fire at 4:30 o'clock in the morning is like.

UNION OCCUPIES THE ENTIRE BUILDING.

The four-story brownstone front building at No. 109 West Thirty-eighth street is entirely occupied by the International Union.

Luigi Stanton occupies the house at No. 107. She smelled smoke for some time early to-day before she finally sent a servant next door to find out if it was there. By this time smoke was pouring from all the windows on the front of the building.

Luigi Burio, twenty-four, a waiter, of No. 341 East Forty-sixth street, was acting as a caretaker and was asleep on the top floor front. He got down to the third floor and was forced to open a window to keep from being suffocated. The spectators saw him stick first one bare leg out of the window, and then the other. There was every indication he intended to jump.

"Don't jump!" they shouted. The cry was taken up by some of the guests in the hotel windows.

Burio got as far out as possible to keep free of the smoke and remained until Hook and Ladder Company No. 24 arrived. The men shot up a 35-foot ladder, but before it touched the wall Burio, an athletic man, had leaped out and met it, and wrapping his legs around the outside rungs like a fireman, slid to the street.



FOUR-STORY FALL KILLS MAN LEAPING FOR FIRE-ESCAPE

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WINDOW SEVERAL FEET FROM FIRE ESCAPE.

In the meantime Stefano Kater, thirty, a waiter, and De Franko, thirty-four, who lived in New Jersey and worked so late last night he decided not to go home, were aroused on the top floor. They ran to a rear window, only to find that it did not open on the fire escape, which was several feet away.

Kater said they would have to jump for it and made the leap in safety.

De Franko jumped, but at the same instant a cloud of smoke billowed up and obscured the fire escape and he missed it, falling to the courtyard below.

Kater got down all right and the firemen found De Franko's crushed body a few minutes later. He was carried to No. 107, but by the time a doctor arrived from New York Hospital the man was dead. Kater was taken to the hospital suffering from the effects of smoke.

FUGITIVE SLIPS OFF COAT AS A GIRL SEIZES HIM.

She Grabs Again and Off Comes Waistcoat, and Then Policeman Takes a Hand.

Rosie Talkoff, young daughter of the owner of the tenement at No. 138 Allen street, saw Harry Kriess and a well-dressed stranger slip up the stairs early to-day. She followed them until she saw them at work on the door of the rooms of Lizzie Rabin, on the third floor. She ran out to the street and found Lizzie Rabin, and then went on talking for a policeman. Lizzie Rabin hurried home and in a moment the house rang with screams of "Gonnetini! Gonnetini! Police!"

The two young men came piling downstairs. Rosie Talkoff, who had not been able to find a policeman, caught Kriess by the coat.

"Lemme go!" he gasped. "There's a fire upstairs!"

The girl did let him go, but changed her mind and caught his coat-tails just as he reached the street. He shed his overcoat. Rosie put on speed and got hold of his neatly tailored coat. That, too, came off. She reached for his waistcoat and it split up the back and came away.

By this time Policeman Kotschau joined the chase. He overhauled Kriess in three blocks. A silver mesh bag and jewelry worth \$50 which Lizzie Rabin said had been taken from her trunk were found in his pockets.

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RICH MARRIED MAN WED HER SUB ROSA, MISS MORAN SAYS

H. Le Roy Miles Arrested at Thanksgiving Dinner on Girl's Charge.

Herbert Le Roy Miles, President of the Republic Film Company of No. 145 West Forty-fifth street, and described as being "wealthy and occupying a high social position," was arrested while at his Thanksgiving dinner in a Broadway hotel yesterday by Deputy Sheriff Fitzsimmons on charges made by Miss Edna M. Moran that Miles married her under another name when he had another wife living. Miles gave \$2,000 cash bail and was released.

In Miss Moran's affidavit, upon which Justice Seabury issued an order for Miles' arrest, is recited a sensational story of a romance with the manufacturer, who, she says, was party to a civil marriage performed in Philadelphia on Aug. 25, 1911, giving his name as "Herbert W. Burrows," and explaining that he only used the name of Herbert Le Roy Miles in New York City for "business reasons."

Miss Moran said that they came to New York and lived together in a fashionable east end apartment house until March 2, 1912, when, she says, she met Mrs. Martha Van Water Walton Miles, who Miss Moran says is the defendant's real wife.

Miss Moran left the apartment and found lodgings elsewhere, her retreat not being mentioned in her papers. On Aug. 22, 1912, she gave birth to a child.

After leaving the apartment which she had shared with Miles Miss Moran began suit in the Supreme Court for breach of promise for \$25,000, charging that at the time Miles married her he had another wife living, and that he had been married to his first wife since Dec. 2, 1904.

This suit is on the calendar of the Supreme Court for early trial, and Miss Moran was fearful, she says, that Miles might find it convenient to escape the jurisdiction.

Attached to her complaint is a transcript of the certificate of marriage filed in the Department of Health of New York City, showing that Herbert Le Roy Miles and Martha Van Water Walton were united in marriage by the Rev. C. C. Houghton at the "Little Church Around the Corner." In this certificate the bridegroom's residence is given as No. 105 East Fifth-street, and he is described as thirty-five years old, single, a manufacturer, a native of Ohio and the son of Abijah Miles and Katherine Wealer.

When Miles was served with the order of arrest, Miss Moran's brother, Robert L. Moran, a real estate broker, served the film man with papers in an action to annul his sister's marriage. Miles had his suit case packed, Lawyer Fischer placed him in a taxi and about to leave for Indianapolis, Ind. He is said to own the Miles Theatre there. Abner L. Sigal, Mr. Fischer's secretary, said to-day that Miles drew a large roll of bills from his pocket and told the Sheriff and lawyers to say how much was needed to obtain his release. The \$2,000 necessary didn't even make a dent, Mr. Sigal said, in Miles' roll.

Miss Moran was a telephone girl in the Hendrick Hudson Apartments when she met Miles. Lawyer Fischer says that Miles maintained his wife in the apartment house where Miss Moran worked, but told the latter he was divorced man. She says he explained the presence of his wife as that of a relative visiting.

When a child was born, Mr. Sigal says that Miles and his wife came to the hospital, saw the infant girl, who is called Jean Bristow, and offered to adopt her and provide support for the young woman and baby. This proposal she rejected, she says.

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